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June 3, 1919.
Monday.

Dearest Hubby in all the world:

I have been waiting all day for a letter and now at 2.30 was handed your big, big letter of 31st. Honey, love, it is something wonderful. All your letters are precious and I am heartedly ashamed of mine. Dear, after I read your letters, I want, oh, I want so much to start out to you. Dear heart, I am very lonesome and hungry for you. Why do we have to be parted so? Will the time never come for me to be with you? Although I think of you constantly, I dreamt of you last night for the first time. You were sleeping in bed (just where I slept last night) in your mothers house. When I saw you, you were fast asleep and I laid my head on your pillow, looking and looking at you, but not wishing to awaken you. Finally, dear, you open your eyes - and then

precious, I was, oh so happy & so love you. It was just as though you had returned from South yet at times I felt as though you were still in service. I soon awoke, and I can not describe to you the miserable lonesome, disappointed feeling that came over me. Dear heart, don't worry, I shall be patient, but oh! the time does pass so slowly, and life is absolutely nothing without you.

As to mum, you have absolutely nothing to worry about. Rose only writes 3 times a week. Tuesday, Thursday, & Sunday. Last Thursday she said she did not write, because, I think, she went out with Sadie and did not come back until late. Zelda is well, and happy. This morning I was in the house when the mail came. Zelda had started out for school and met the carrier. He came all the way back, up the stairs and stood and listened to every word of your letter. He says very little but is anxious to get back to London, especially after those letters from England. Zelda, honey, just worships you. I do not wonder at it, either. Henry is promoted as you know. He suffers occasionally from headaches, and mum is going to bring him down to the dispensary again. Polly is doing alright. Rose is as usual, not looking very well, since Pop's death. I am trying to get her to go out a little more, but the pity of it is, that I am stuck down in this old hole. As to her deserving a good fellow, honey, I wish there was just such another as you for her. She deserves, one as good and as wonderful as you, perhaps even more than I do. But honey love, I shall never regret marrying you, and shall never cease loving you, for you are more than wonderful, and I love you more than life itself. Dear, your

get so. If that is so, honey, that will just come in handy & cover my travelling expenses.

Dear heart, you simply mustn't praise and rave over me so much to the folks down there. Gosh, how disappointed they will be when I come down and think, honey how embarrassed I'll be. But, precious, I want you to continue to think so. I'll continue, honey, to think me all the pretty endearing terms you write in my letters. Yesterday morning before I left for your mother's home, I opened up my drawer containing my pretties, & looked at them again. Honey, whether it is because I made them for you to admire and because I hold them so sacred, I do not know, but, dear, I just love them. Even looking at them & handling them makes me feel so happy — how, dear, will I feel I am wearing them for that means I shall be snuggled in your arms, happy and contented. I can't be much longer, honey, can it? A position with your consideration, and lovingness, in fact your all is so good and wonderful that this separation is all the worse for it. I hope honey, it won't be long. I can't advise you as to what you income should be honey. I must leave it to you and only tell you to have me come down as soon as possible. I hope it will be early in April that I am to go down. Do you know honey, when we were married, as you know, I thought I loved you; either I did not know the depth of my love for you at the time or else it has increased a thousand times — but dear man I know how deep my love is for you. You have been a husband beyond my expectations, and now that you will be placed in a position to show it to me — how can I help but being happy and simply worshiping you? Perhaps, dear this separation have proven to us just how much we love each other and what one of us means to the other. We will see when the time comes concerning my travelling expenses. They told me that it has already been passed upon that each discharged soldier is to

love, is all I ask for. And, Please God, a little son the flower of our love. This, dear, is what I long for, don't you? He certainly will be a little King in our home, what do you say. But to wait, honey — to wait — Everything takes so long. And yet that is the only word sensible now.

As to the Fishers, dear, they are always talking highly about you. They are very, very fond of you. It is a pity you were not better acquainted with them before you left. And for H. J. he is scarcely worth writing about — no brains, thats all thats the trouble with him — otherwise he's alright.

Ben Lere, I suppose is discharged. Not talking with him honey, he is not worthy of your friendship. Have not heard from Harding at all. Do not understand him —

I am so happy, honey that you sent that man up, because he deserved it and because you won the case. It will add to your reputation and help to build up your practise. Honey, haven't I always said that I knew, once you were in the position, you would get along splendidly and, success? I have always had all the confidence in the world in you. And so has everyone else, and that is why everyone is so nice to you and helping you along so much. There is your uncle, Solomon, the Dugan, the Dean and then A. Goodman, that I know of, that have proven what I say. Love, dear, I am so happy that this is so; I want you to be famous, and as I have always said if there is anything in my power to make you so, you will be. I am sure the Golds will help you too, so dear go up & see them, surely.

It will make it nice for me too. Tell Mr. & Mrs. Lazaar that they are very kind, and I hope to see them soon. My deepest regards and best wishes is all that is in my power to send them now, but I hope to become fast friends with them both. I am sure I will.

Dear, heart, take care that your head does not ache you too much. Don't smoke too much precious. I am glad the pipe is proving useful, — but dear, I am sorry you find occasion to use it.

Now, your letters are long, but I can not help it if I am selfish — They are not long enough for me. I want that book full — so get ——— soon, soon. I write fine as small & as closely as you do.

My foot is fairly well, & I am taking good care of your property. You see that you do the same — take just as good care of mine. And love, dear, soon, I hope to see for myself just how much care you have taken of my only and your precious pipe. With all the love, kisses & hugs there can exists, I'll close your lonesome "little Faker".